

SENSUAL BATTLING BEAUTIES IN **CATFIGHTS**

galore

20 different
APARTMENT
HOUSE FIGHTS

- Penthouse Punishment
 - Beaten By A Blonde
 - Mini-Skirt Mayhem
 - Slugging Strippers
 - Roommate Rumble
 - Hairpulling Vixens
 - Tit-For-Tat
- and much,
much more!

MORE
THAN
200
ACTION
PHOTOS!





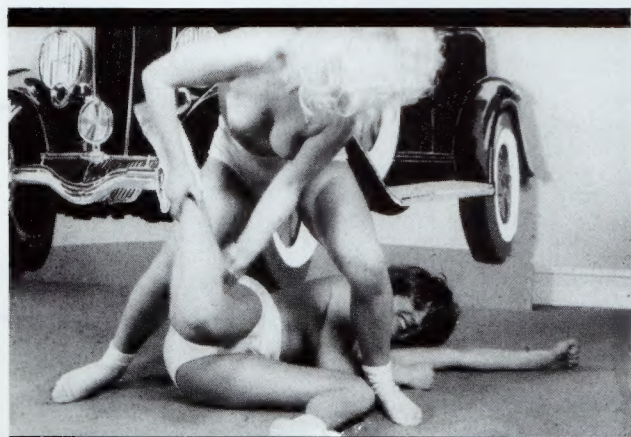


gaining much of an advantage, until Jill landed a glancing, but painful kick to Suzanne's big, heavy, full rounded breast. The brunette yelped out in anguish, but then grabbed the offending leg and bit Jill's calf, which had her screaming in apin. Suzanne turned her rival over and then mounted the blonde, trying to pin her arms down on the floor. With her weight and leverage, the busty brunette finally had her opponent trapped and was in the process of planting her plump butt right in Jill's face. The blonde knew that with a face full of fanny she'd be finished, which prompted her to roll her head to the side and do some biting of her own. Jill sank her sharp teeth into the meaty muscle of Suzanne's lusty thigh and the brunette roared out in agony.

Jill was enraged at the humiliation she just narrowly

avoided and like a young vixen, she flipped Suzanne over and twisted her leg, spinning the busty brunette down on her back. Suzanne was sobbing from the pain of her wounded thigh, as Jill effortlessly overpowered her crying rival. Unable to resist the temptation of Suzanne's vulnerable, tender tits as targets, she pressed the large mounds of delicate flesh down as part of her shoulder pin.

Suzanne shook her head back and forth, while feebly attempting to break loose but Jill had her trapped. She'd lost her will to fight back and Jill hauled the larger girl to a kneeling position, just as several teachers came into the foyer. They quickly broke up this cheerleader's cat-fight between the high school hellcats. I still wonder if they ever finished their battle or did Suzanne have enough not to try again?



CARPET



CLASH



**MARGE ALEXANDER
vs WENDY**

Wendy shouted out from the kitchen to her roommate Marge, "Let me know when my date shows up as he's already a few minutes late!" The slender long haired blonde coyly answered, "Why honey, he's already here and I've been entertaining him for you." In a fit of rage, Wendy came storming through the kitchen doorway and was greeted with the sight of Ken seated on the sofa, with Marge provocatively leaning over him. She was clad in just black socks, panties and a bra. "Why you cheap two-bit slut!!! I ought to knock you on your skinny little ass. . . ." Unfortunately Wendy never got to finish her tirade for Marge violently shoved her and she fell down on the carpet.

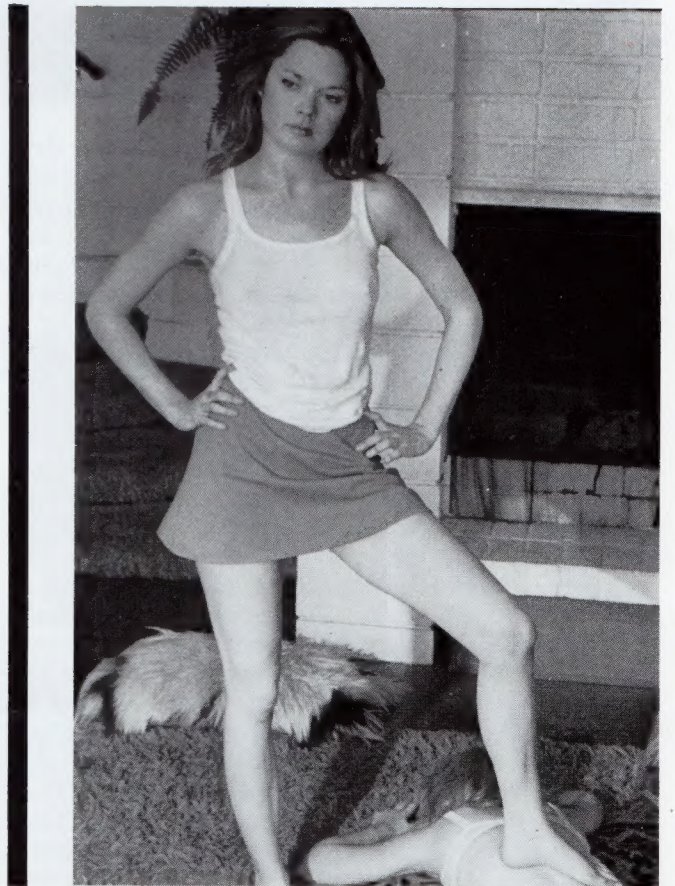
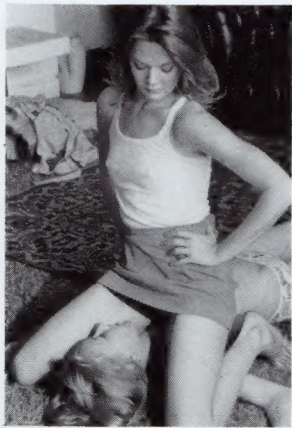
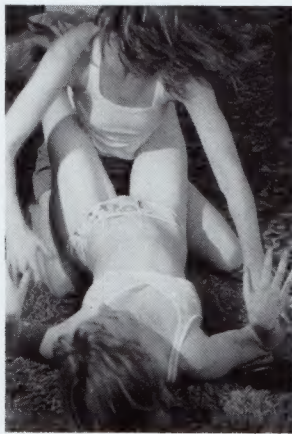
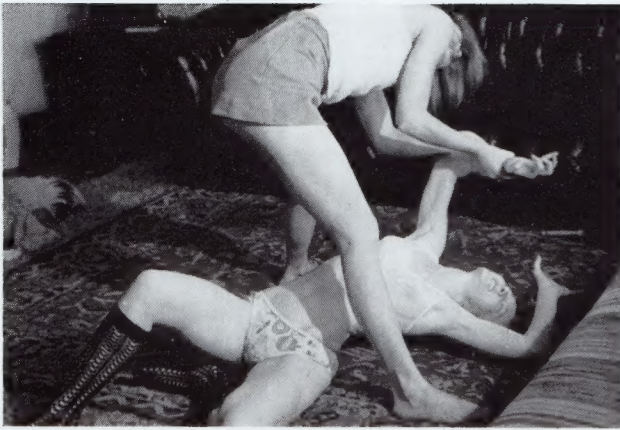
Wendy, attired in a mini-skirt, began to raise her legs to kick back, but Marge grabbed hold of both ankles and spun her around, then seizing hold of a wrist, Wendy was in big trouble. Just as Marge was ready to plop down on her roommate, Wendy unleashed a vicious kick straight into the blonde's unprotected pussy. That crippling blow sent Marge sprawling across the carpet, who was moaning in agony as it felt like her crotch was on fire. Totally defenseless, there was nothing she could do when Wendy painfully twisted her arm and then wrapped her slim, but strong legs around the blonde's chest in an awesome scissors hold. Wendy was determined to not only win, but to punish her roommate in front of Ken. While tearing at Marge's hair, Wendy moved her crushing leg hold around the blonde's throat and she was reduced to screaming in terror, while gasping for air.

Knowing that her roommate was all but beaten, Wendy decided to concentrate on the punishment and humiliation to be inflicted. "I think I'd like you to kiss my fine ass you little tramp!" and with that demand, Wendy switched positions so that her well curved buns were directly in Marge's face. "Never!—I won't do it you bitch," Marge

"WHY YOU CHEAP TWO-BIT SLUT!! I OUGHT TO KNOCK YOU ON YOUR SKINNY LITTLE ASS . . ."

sobbed. Feeling it was time to use a more convincing argument, Wendy applied a brutally painful wrist hold on Marge and was close to snapping the thin limb. In a last ditch desperate effort, Marge managed to partially kick free, but was greeted with a mind shattering punch to the jaw that left her dazed and groggy. With her mini-skirt erotically hitched most of the way up her muscular thighs, Wendy sat on top of her semi-unconscious roommate. She was going to rub her pussy in Marge's face, but decided to save that for Ken later tonight. Wendy took her rightfully earned conqueror's sexy stance over her fallen foe and said, "Well Ken, do you want to make love or fight!?!?!?"

EROTIC



PENTHOUSE PUNISHMENT



KARLA JENSEN

VS

SUSAN BERRY

hair pulling of my own. Susan tried to slide out from my hold, but I grabbed her bikini panties and brutally twisted them up into the crack of her skinny ass and crotch. I knew that had to hurt like hell, but I really wanted to get back at shitty Susan for what she did to me.

If I say so myself, I'm pretty strong and it wasn't hard for me to pick Susan up in a modified sort of fireman's carry, but you can damn well bet it wasn't my intention to save her from any fire or punishment. I body slammed the bitch and the impact of her crashing to the floor left Susan stunned. She weakly struggled against my overpowering strength and I decided to teach her a really painful lesson. She may have tiny tits, but that doesn't mean they aren't as vulnerable to pain as larger ones, such as my own. There's nothing quite like a brutal breast squeezing to get an opponent to give up except perhaps a nipple pinching, which had her begging for me to stop.

What Susan may lack in size and power, she more than amply makes up with in treachery, dirty fighting and pure ruthlessness. I should know just how sneaky she can be, due to almost falling victim to her infamous tricks. Let me introduce myself, although I'm sure that you've seen me before, my name is Karla Jensen, the girl who nearly lost her penthouse fight to this little bitch.

I'm almost ashamed to admit how that skinny bitch was able to get me to bend over and touch the floor just before our match began. As you can obviously see, I'm a bit heavier, better developed, bigger busted and stronger than Susan, which made me careless and over-confident. In our type of fighting, there aren't a lot of restrictive rules, such as they have in boxing, so Susan got the upper hand before I ever had a chance.

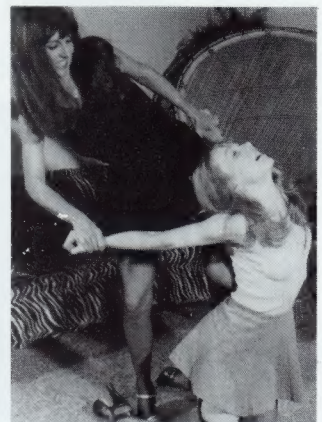
Taken completely by surprise, she had me screaming at the top of my lungs, when Susan grabbed my long blonde hair, while bent over. In spite of my weight advantage, that bitch easily threw me down and then forced my powerful legs apart while choking me. Susan may be small, but take it from me, she's a tiny terror and I know first hand because it felt like my hair was being torn out.

I'd recovered enough so that when I was rolled over with my back up against the sofa, Susan tried to grab my leg, but a swift kick in her face sent the bitch sprawling. I wasn't about to give her another chance at getting me, she before she could stand up, I straddled Susan's slender torso with my robust thighs and did some strangling and





REVENGE IS SWEET... BUT THIS CANDY ISN'T



Margie Alexander isn't a very forgiving bitch and in spite of my royally kicking her skinny ass (see page 40), this little flat chested vixen decided she wanted revenge for the beating I'd given her. You might want to accuse me of being a bit to cocky, but I knew that just as sure as my name is Candy Costello, I'd whip this blonde bitch again.

I suggested that instead of fighting me a second time, she should do something for self-improvement, like taking a beginner's bust development course. Margie knows I'm real short tempered when it comes to Italian jokes, which is why she told me that my boobs look and smell like overstuffed meatballs! I wasn't about to listen, much less take any shit from this bitch, so I grabbed her in a strangle hold head lock and had her real good. Guess I really should of been more careful and less over-confident, because damned if Margie didn't grab me by the butt and thigh, then the next thing I knew that blonde bitch had thrown me down on the sofa.

Margie really was determined to revenge her loss and when she rammed her boney knee into my pussy, that nearly finished me off right then and there. She dragged me off the sofa by my hair and painfully bent my arm over her leg until I was screaming in agony. I've got a few trick moves of my own and managed to break loose from this skinny slut, then I taught her what pain is all about. I got her in a spread eagle double arm spread while she was helplessly on her knees and all she could do was cry, as well as beg for mercy.

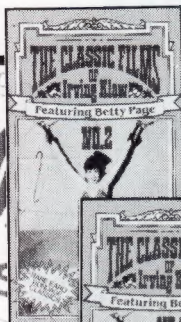
After that it was simple to shove her back down on the floor and to pin Margie. I don't think that this blonde wants to tangle with me for a third time and I am equally as sure that I'm not going to hear any more "meatball" cracks about my fine, firm breasts.



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Here are two of the rarest of the rare films featuring Betty Page as captured and photographed by the late great Irving Klaw. Due to the authenticity of these films they are available in black and white only.

running time 60 minutes



Vicki is a girl in search of her strongest beliefs. The search for Vicki is long and painful. But it is worth it when she finds a naked man at the receiving end paying homage to her. See how Vicki becomes a dominatrix in "I Want To Be A Mistress".

running time 60 minutes



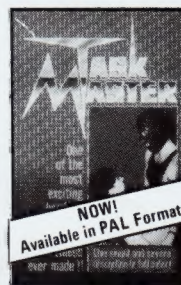
Two thieves burglarize a wealthy man's house but find the wife, sister and domestic help at home. When the jewels cannot be found, but a specially furnished room is discovered, the thieves take out their anger on the two ladies. The two ladies are bound, gagged and severely beaten until they reveal the whereabouts of the jewels. In the end, however, the thieves obtain a reward that is infinitely more precious than the jewels.

running time 60 minutes
also available on PAL Format.



The trainer just loves to kidnap and train and torture young innocent girls. His slaves submit to all his cruel nipple torture and beatings. He decides it's time to capture a new young victim. He applies all sorts of rigid bondage as he suspends his slave upside down, flailing away at her ass with paddles and whips. He tortures both slave girls to climax his day.

running time 30 minutes
also available on PAL Format.



The Taskmaster trains his slave girl by means of spanking and paddling. He then invites the Dutchess von Stern to sample his slave. Dutchess flogs, binds and humiliates the slave girl. Dutchess is not impressed with the slave girl and informs the Taskmaster. The Taskmaster is enraged, his slave girl is further punished by the Taskmaster for not meeting up to the Dutchess's standards.

running time 30 minutes
also available on PAL Format.



While searching for his brother, Mack Slammer scours in the NYC Bizarre Underground. The consequences of his adventure include torture, humiliation, and an encounter with Mistress Supreme. Mack finally is able to locate his brother and together they are subject to the trails and tribulations that can only be inflicted by a Mistress that is well versed on the "ins and outs" of true domination.

running time 60 minutes



Cynthia is a girl who has dreams of being bound and gagged and subject to Sado-masochistic treatment. Due to her dream Cynthia seeks out the care of a psychiatrist who turns out to be a master of SM. This film shot in part on location in London.

running time 60 minutes
also available on PAL Format.

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PULLING VIXENS



A left hook to the jaw “POW!!!”—a roundhouse right into the face “BAM!!!!” And so it goes in boxing. Lefts, rights and combinations of punches bring victory to a prize fighter. However, in the realm of penthouse style battles, catfights and wild womenly wrestling, the rules are a LOT LESS limited and restrictive for the punishment that can be inflicted.

The art of hair pulling has been practiced by our fierce females until it's almost become a science. More often than not heartless hair pulling will be used along with another hold so as to make the pain even more severe for an opponent and leaving her helpless. A choke hold, a throat scissors, when coupled with the roots of your hair feeling as if they were being torn out of the scalp, well, “Double the pain—double the suffering.”

The difference between winning and losing may very likely depend on nothing more than getting into or out of a hairy situation. Just as a hunter likes to pose holding the long, thick mane of a trophy animal, so will a victorious vixen similarly pose in triumph grasping her victim's hair.



OVERMATCH & OVERPOWERED



After the terrible beating and humiliating punishment that Jolanda had taken at the hands of, well, actually at the "COW SIZED BREASTS" of Annie Owens (page 38), I was worried about her self-confidence. Being Jolanda's part-time manager, as well as her best friend, it was obvious to me that she had become unsure of her penthouse fighting ability. More to the point, it seemed that because of the brutal breast bashing she'd taken from Annie, Jolanda was getting a complex hang-up about going up against big busted opponents. Granted that Jolanda wasn't likely to be mistaken for Dolly Parton, but certainly nobody was inclined to think of her as being anything less than all fierce female.

My idea was good, the mistake was in selecting heartless Hanna as the big busted adversary. From the very beginning I knew that we were in deep trouble! Instead of concentrating, Jolanda just couldn't take her eyes off Hanna's swollen bra, while they were in the midst of a hand grip test of strength. They were both equally strong and neither woman could seem to gain an advantage, so they mutually moved into a dual held bear hug. As Hanna's huge breasts pressed against Jolanda's smaller bust, she just seemed to lose the will to fight back with all her ability. For a brief moment she did rally and flipped the larger woman flat on her face.

Hanna was nearly knocked out of her overworked bra, while Jolanda applied a painful modified Boston crab hold, twisting one leg against the other. Hanna was howling in pain, but without the total concentration, Jolanda fell easy prey to a quick maneuver and the two fighters went rolling across the floor. They separated and upon getting to their feet, Hanna moved first and had my fighter bellowing in agony as she was trapped in a full nelson. I don't know if it was due to feeling those torpedo tits being ground into her back or what, but Jolanda was more like a victim than an opponent from this point on.

Hanna showed why she was given the nickname of "Heartless" when she picked Jolanda up with a choke hold over her own broad hip and then flipped her with a jolting body smash to the floor. That took all the remaining fight out of Jolanda and just the slight pressure of Hanna's mountainous mammaries brushing over her was as effective as a knockout punch, as she was pinned. Then Jolanda had to endure the shame of Hanna grinding her foot down into her crotch in utter defeat.

**JOLANDA AMBERSFOOR
VS HANNA VICK**



HELEN vs DOT

"ROOM-MATE RUMBLE"



That burning sense of jealousy, which is often followed by a craving lust for ruthless revenge is very possibly the most common cause for two women to engage in a fierce fight. During our recent trip to Scotland, we accidentally encountered just such an episode, involving the blazing fury of a jealous lesbian lover and her "roommate."

Helen is a big, beefy blonde, who for obvious reasons had been nicknamed "Husky," which accurately described her strapping size. Her roommate was named Dot, and she was a hot tempered, burly brunette and had a rage equal to her passion. Helen came home late and Dot accused her of having another girlfriend that she was making it with. The busty blonde was normally slow to anger and she tried to convince her lover that she'd been faithful and hadn't been cheating on her. Pure hatred and abiding love can often be only a feeling or insult away and this time Dot's inflamed accusations enraged her roommate. They attacked one another with a hunger to ravage and hurt, which for the most part, the two lovers accomplished.

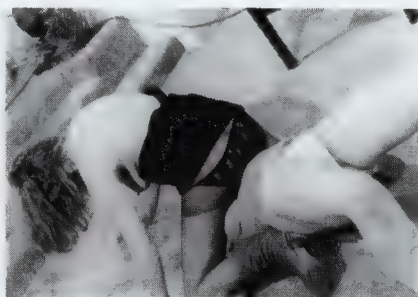
In a split second the two wild women were wrestling on the floor, locked in a violent embrace. Helen's large nipples were erect, but this time not with loving passion, they were hard with a lust for revenge. The big busted blonde overpowered Dot and then sat astride of her roommate, leaning her husky body over the spread-eagled form of this brunette bitch.

Wanting to tease and punish Dot from her dominating position, she rubbed and brushed her large nipples across the brunette's big breasts. Dot yelled and cursed at Helen, who slide her seated position up along the brunette's torso until she was firmly planted on her chest. "Apologize you bitch or else!" Helen warned Dot, who

started kicking and bucking like a trapped mare. She nearly dislodged Helen and had lost her balance for a moment, then to recover, she tried to body press the struggling roommate.

Helen made a fatal mistake that proved to be terribly painful, for her heavy tits bounced into Dot's face and the brunette opened her mouth and then brutally bit down on that mammoth mound of meat. Helen roared out in pain and it felt like her breast was on fire, while Dot bucked and kicked. With a final burst of savage strength, she threw Helen off and the beefy blonde went tumbling over on her side.

Turn about is fair play and Dot didn't hesitate a split second to take dominant control over and on Husky Helen. Pinning her to the floor like a trapped animal, Dot said, "We've made war, now we're going to make love. You can start by kissing my terrific tits and then I'll forgive you."



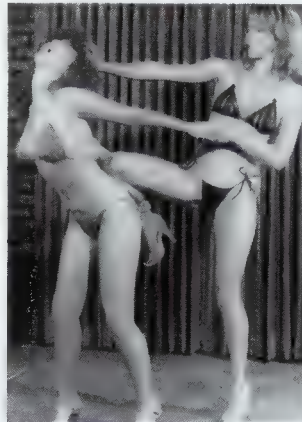
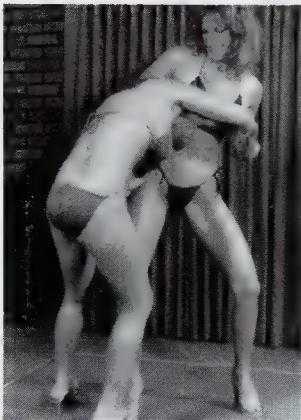
PLAYGIRL POWERHOUSE

I've been dating Jeanette ever since she first appeared in *Playboy* magazine and although I'm a devoted fan of penthouse fights, I'd never been overly thrilled about Jean being involved in them. Those women are plenty tough, they don't pull any punches and I can't help from worrying that Jean is going to be hurt. This particular evening she finally convinced me to attend her match against Barbara Alloy, who's one of the roughest fighters in the penthouse scene. Not only was she more experienced than Jean, but Barbara also had a weight and height advantage, all of which left me terribly concerned for my Playmate bunny.

Attired in spiked heels and skimpy string bikinis, the two women faced one another and were truly a beautifully erotic sight to behold. My worst fears became a reality as big, bad Barbara's experience quickly gave her the upper hand. She caught my baby in a combination front head-lock and strangle hold that left Jean gasping for air. She was an easy prey against this bad bitch who effortlessly spun her around in an arm bar stretch that left Jean helplessly screaming in agony. With her left arm injured, she was helpless when Barbara moved into a full nelson and brought terrible pressure down on her slender shoulders and neck.

I was shouting like a maniac trying to encourage Jean, who was being totally overwhelmed and yet all the while there was something awfully erotic about watching this fight. Barbara bashed Jean between the shoulder blades and they had to hold me back from jumping in to help my girl and stop this slaughter. Jean looked like a rank ama-

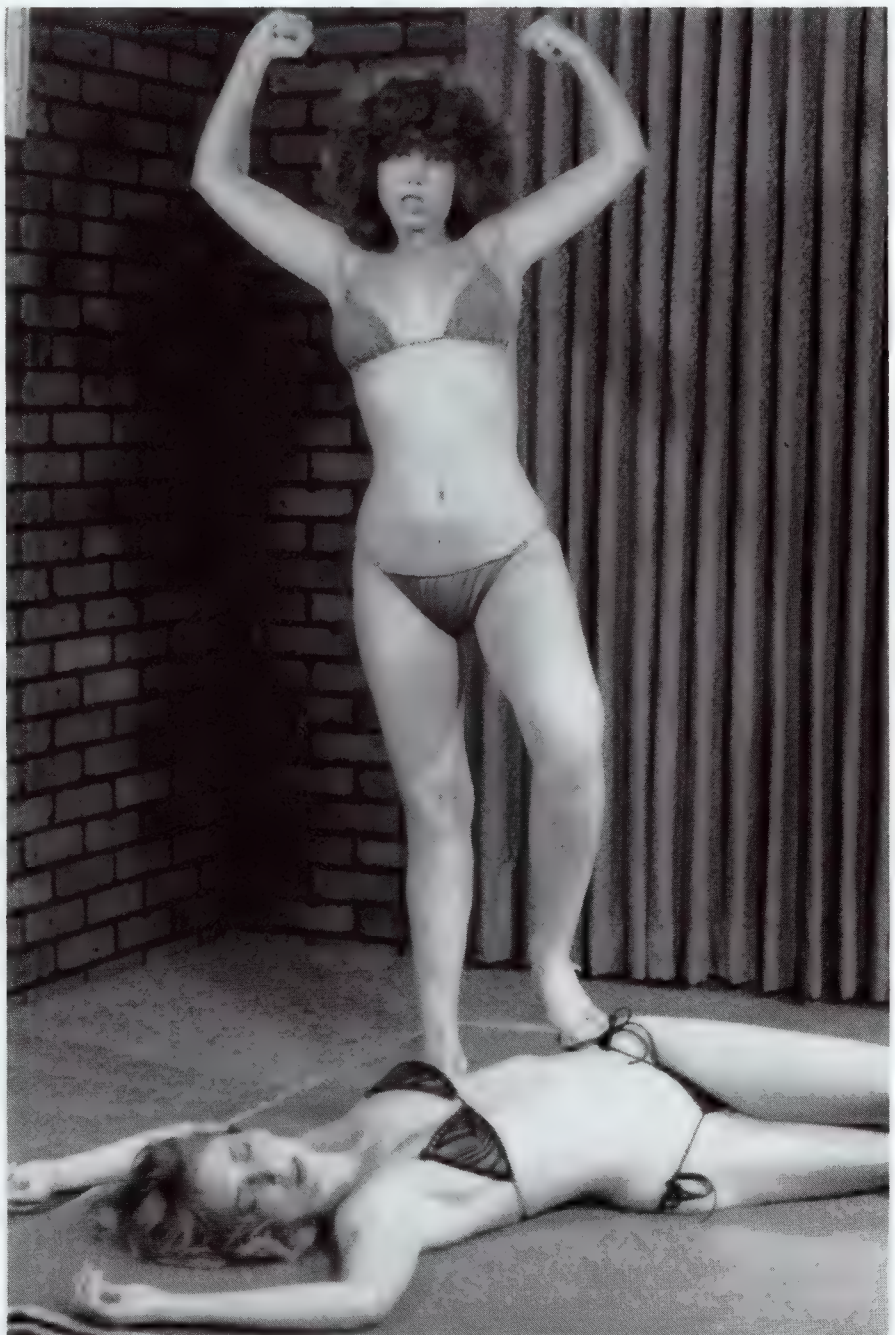
**JEAN KNEE
SMASHED HER IN THE
CROTCH AND THE
IMPACT SENT THE
BITCH CRASHING
DOWN.**



teur as Barbara rammed her knee into my girl's back and then jerked her head backwards by the hair. I could only hope that this massacre would be over soon and that Jean didn't get permanently hurt.

Barbara brutally threw Jean down on the mat and then wrapped her long sinewy legs around her throat in a deadly scissors hold. In spite of the punishment my girl endured, she still bravely struggled and had the courage not to give up. It looked hopeless to me, but then Jean bit Barbara on the calf and the bitch bellowed out in pain and released that death grip around the throat.

I don't know if it was my cheering or just knowing that I was there, but my bunny turned into a she-wolf. Just as Barbara was reaching to grab her, Jean knee smashed her in the crotch and the impact sent the bitch crashing down. Jean didn't waste any time in striking and wanted revenge for the beating she had taken in front of me. She was a wildcat grabbing Barbara's long mane of hair, while twisting her arm half way up her back in a vicious hammerlock. Then she did some brutal strangling of her own and Barbara's arms were within scant millimeters of being broken as she screamed out in anguish. I was so excited it felt like my pants were going to burst when Jean actually choked Barbara unconscious and then victoriously raised her arms in triumph.



JEANETTE vs BARBARA ALLOY

"DIVIDE AND CONQUER"



During my recent trip to London, a friend of mine had highly recommended a quiet little pub that served an excellent dish of fish and chips. I don't know how the food was and never got to eat, but then I'll take a cruel catfight over chips any day for that's what was served.

It all began innocently enough with two bawny brunette waitresses having a minor disagreement as to how the tips should be divided. The larger, who was named Gemma, claimed that she was entitled to more due to her co-worker, Sue, not working as hard. It didn't take long for this petty argument to escalate into a brutal brawl. Although Gemma was taller and heavier than Sue, it didn't intimidate the smaller woman at all and she actually began their fiscal fight. Sue lashed out and with both hands tore Gemma's dress right down the front. She quickly retaliated and in a few seconds both women found themselves bare chested and stripped down to little more than bikini panties. What Sue may have lacked in size, was more than made up for with viciousness and it looked as if this vixen was no stranger to brutal brawl.

Sue pulled Gemma's torn dress up over her head, which left the larger woman blinded and caught by clothing. Even though she was on the defensive, it didn't stop Gemma from reaching up and squeezing Sue's heavy, full rounded breasts. In a flash of raging pain, Sue wrapped Gemma's tattered dress around her neck and throat, dragging her co-worker down with a strangle hold. These two big busted brunettes went at it tooth and nail in a screaming orgy of ripped clothing, wrestling on the floor.

They tried kicking, biting, scratching and punching, but most of the blows did little injury due to them being at such close quarters in this hard fought battle. Using her weight advantage, Gemma was able to get a wrist hold and forced her co-worker over, while their breasts rubbed and strained against each other, almost as if the boobs were going to battle on their own.

Sue was still screaming when Gemma painfully pinned her rival's shoulders against the hard floor, while enviously eyeing her heavier, fuller developed breasts. It was as obvious as Sue's tits, who was going to be getting the lioness' share of tips from here on.





I can only think of two things worse than not having a girlfriend, the first is probably having two of them at the same time, both of whom are possessed with a fiery Irish temper. The second is when they both discover that they have been dating me! Being mature and intelligent, they mutually agreed to settle their feud of who I'd date with a no holds barred, anything goes catfight in my apartment. Helen O'Connell and Randy McKay are both beautiful, slender build women and the very idea of them going to battle over me was very flattering. Not to mention them putting on a private catfight was damn exciting, especially considering they'd be clad in just bikini style bathing suits.

Originally I'd thought it would prove to be a pretty even match, but it didn't take long for Randy to discover that she was totally out of her league. They started off grasping

each other's hands in a contest of strength, but Helen quickly demonstrated what a hellcat she really was. While they were locked together, Helen viciously brought her knee up in a crippling smash, ramming it into Randy's unprotected crotch. She moaned out in agony while being sent sprawling to the floor and was left helplessly on her hands and knees. With a sadistic grin, Helen grabbed her rival by the throat and began tearing at her hair at the same time.

Randy screamed out in pain, but her cry fell upon deaf ears for Helen was far too busy strangling her to listen to any plea for mercy. Helen curled up her hand into a tight fist and bashed Randy across the temple, which left the poor girl groggy and dazed. She weakly tried crawling away, but Helen caught her by the bikini bottom and fiendishly pulled it up into the crack of her well rounded ass



IRISH FEUD

HELEN O'CONNEL vs SUI LING

and aching pussy.

With a skillful motion, she flipped Randy over on her back and then seized both legs, lifting them up in the air. I thought she was just going to pin the poor girl so as to finish this slaughter. Helen had some more torturing punishment in mind as she ruthlessly spread Randy's legs apart, until they were wide enough to split like a chicken wing. Randy was hysterical and begging for mercy, but Helen commanded the battered girl to stand up, which she fearfully did.

I couldn't believe my eyes at what happened next, for Helen was both literally as well as figuratively blood-thirsty. Like a vampire-vixen she ravaged Randy with clawed fingers tearing at her neck and face, then she bit her tormented rival on the cheek, drawing a gushing flow of blood. Randy was sobbing and whimpering in anguish as Helen dragged her back down on the carpet, straddling her mauled and battered body. One thing is for sure, I'm not going to be dating anybody else but Helen as I wouldn't want her to turn her Irish temper and wrath at me.







• LYNN ANN WILSON vs SHERRYL MOUNCE •

A SMASHING SECRETARY

Sherryl Mounce had her eye on the job of executive secretary for quite some time and had the position virtually hers, that is until Lynn Ann Wilson was transferred into the same department. Then Mr. Teed, their supervisor, decided to evaluate the skills of the two women and thought that some spirited competition between them might be good, he just didn't realize how far it would go. Sherryl was enraged and didn't make any secret of her anger, while Lynn tried to make friends with her rival. Sherryl thought that her seniority with the company entitled her to the job and the two stunning women had engaged in several heated arguments. Lynn was more passive and reserved, which simply encouraged Sherryl to become even more aggressive than she normally was prone to be.

The taller, broad shouldered brunette finally decided to confront the more busty, beefy built blonde and bully as well as intimidate her rival out of the running for that promotion. Sherryl confronted Lynn in the executive dining room and after insulting the shorter, but larger built blonde, she pushed her. Seeing Lynn's hesitation and uncertainty of what to do after the physical contact, the bully shoved her again. It appeared that Lynn wanted to avoid a fight, but Sherryl didn't know that this blonde would indeed go to war if pushed to far, and that point was about to be reached. Sherryl warned her rival, "Look you cow, I'm going to kick your fat ass and torpedo tits all over this dining room if you don't quit!"

With the threat barely out of her mouth, Sherryl tore the front of Lynn's dress open, but the blonde struck right



right back ripping the top of the brunette's silk print dress down to her waist. Then the two of them got into a clothes stripping contest as they tumbled to the floor. Sherryl couldn't help but enviously glare at Lynn's huge bust, which made her own ample breasts look puny and underdeveloped by comparison. In a fit of fury Sherryl wrapped her tattered dress around Lynn's neck and sent the blonde crashing to her knees, while strangling the busty blonde.

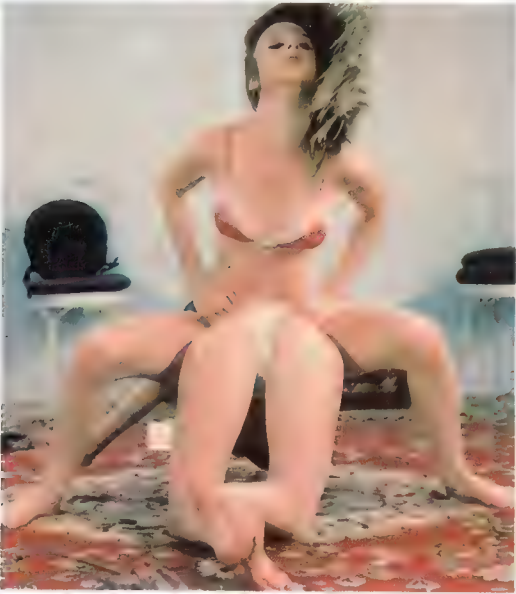
Lynn was screaming out in terror when she got kned in ribs and went sprawling on her back, with Sherryl quickly straddling her fallen body. The beefy blonde was in real trouble as her legs were pulled apart in a painful thigh split, but then she began clawing with her short, sharp nails, scratching and tearing at Sherryl's firm, shapely ass. Lynn fought back as her claws raked the tender flesh and then Sherryl tried to kick the blonde in the face with her spiked high heel shoes. Lynn just barely managed to grab the brunette's ankle and using her formidable strength, slowly overcame the submissive position she'd been held in. They both got hold of one another's throat, but the blonde's weight and strength advantage began to tell on the lighter framed bully.

Lynn was able to shove Sherryl off, while she continued to strangle her, but the bully countered with some harsh hair pulling. The brunette was overpowered in one fell



swoop and this time she was trapped in a crippling leg spread. For additional leverage, Lynn leaned her body weight down, which also gave Sherryl a 3-D view of the canyon depth cleavage fo the blonde's D-cup breasts. Lynn was tired and panting, but found the remaining power to partially lift this battered brunette bully up in the air, almost on top of her shoulders. Then none to gently sent her crashing down on the hard wood floor and Sherryl was knocked unconscious from the slamming impact. At just that moment Mr. Teed entered the dining room as Lynn held her arm up in victory. "It looks like you're going to be my new executive secretary Lynn for I assume the two of you have gotten almost everything off your chests!"





NADIA VS MISSY TANK



TOP TERROR

My name is Nadia and I'm going to tell you about a violent argument that Missy Morgan, my roommate, and I had. Usually we were pretty good friends, but on this particular evening it would have been awfully difficult to tell that we even liked each other. If our battle hadn't turned out the way it did, I probably wouldn't admit it, but it was all my fault!

I knew there was going to be real trouble when Missy came storming out of the bedroom clad in just a string bikini and an old tanktop shirt. Unfortunately at that precise moment I was busy admiring how lovely her brand new tanktop looked on me. Missy was never the one for a lot of unnecessary conversation and all she shouted at me was, "You thoughtless bitch, that's it, I've had it!!!"



The next thing I knew Missy came charging across the room and wrestled me to the floor before I even had a chance to defend myself.

I'm no stranger to a rough and tumble catfight, but then neither is Missy and we've both had our fair share of no-holds barred brawls. When she struck first, I sure went crashing to the floor and Missy straddled across me, but not for long. I reached up and grabbed her by the throat and managed to shove her off me, knowing how tough a bitch she can be, I didn't hesitate in making my move. I plopped down on her back and did some royal hair pulling that left Missy screaming in pain. Then I just spun her over, solidly mounted her torso and thought it best to just choke Missy out. She proved to be even rougher than I already gave her credit for and Missy started kicking and bucking. With all that thrashing around, she hit me in the throat with her foot and let me tell you, a blow like that takes most of the fight right out of you. The next thing I knew, Missy's grinning figure was standing over my spread-eagled body with an ankle hold. I never got further than struggling back to a seated position as Missy grabbed me by the hair with both hands and it was a quick painful trip onto my back again. Missy kned me in the belly before sitting on top of my bruised torso, then twisted my arm while grinding her knees into my shoulders. She belted me with several stinging open hand slaps across the face and I gave up. Oh by the way, I'm not wearing any of Missy's clothes without asking her first.





MAID F • O • R MAULING

TINA vs CAROL

Even under the most ideal of conditions, being a hotel maid isn't an easy job. The work it involves becomes even more unpleasant and difficult when one of the guests richly deserves an award for being the most messy slob in Europe. Tina had spent more time cleaning Carol's rooms than any ten on the floor of the hotel where she worked as a maid. She had held her temper in check for several days, but even her broad shoulders buckled under the strain of all the anger building up upon them.

Tina had just spent two hours of the morning cleaning and straightening out the piggish condition of Carol's suite. At 2:00 o'clock that very same afternoon, Tina was told to report to Carol's room due to it being messy and needed to be tidied up a bit. When the maid entered the suite it looked as if they'd held a pig's convention there and it was like walking into a garbage can. Tina took a

deep breath, deciding if losing her job was worth slapping the shit out of this sloppy slut. Damn right it was and so began a dirty catfight over clutter.

Tina's temper erupted and she shouted, "Clean up your own mess Miss Piggy!!! You're a slob and I've had it. . ." She never got the opportunity to finish. The maid's angry outburst triggered Carol's hotheadedness. She was clad in a half slip, but Carol wasn't at all concerned about her attire and she attacked the muscular maid. The two wild women came crashing together like fierce felines, Tina's strong fingers arched open to claw and tear flesh. Carol's hands were curled into hard, tight fists looking to beat this surly maid and they went toppling to the floor.

Tina gained the first real advantage and climbed on top of her hated rival. Carol's skimpy slip had pulled up over her butt, exposing the soft fleshy cheeks of her plump



ass and Tina's palm came slamming down with a stinging open hand slap.

The spanking blow incited Carol and she wrestled her maid over and then forced her arms down. For a moment it looked like the guest was going to win, but then Tina fought back, trying to kick loose. Her awesome strength finally prevailed and she broke free, leaving the servant and mistress madly wrestling. Their arms and robust legs were intertwined, but Tina came out on top when Carol's tits plopped out of her bra and she was fearfully attempting to cover them Carol was panic struck that those tender targets would fall victim to Tina's rage and the maid mounted this messy Miss. The maid's muscular thighs were powerfully locked against Carol's rib cage and it felt as if her sides were going to cave in from the terrible pressure.

Tina had gotten the dominant position and wasn't about to give it up, as if wringing a mop, she twisted Carol's legs into a painful and crippling hold. The guest bellowed out, "I give up, you win you bitch!!" Carol cleaned up her mess as well as her attitude after this demolishing defeat.



MINI-SKIRT MAYHEM

JOYCE JAMES vs KAREN JAMES



Although Joyce and Karen weren't related, much less sisters, the notorious "James Brothers" of cowboy fame didn't have anything on these James girls when it came to a brutal battle. This beautiful blonde and brunette were waiting to be interviewed for the opportunity of being signed up to meet a popular British penthouse fighter in her first appearance in America.

Joyce James, the tall, shapely blonde, was inclined to be a bit of a bully and told her rival, "Look squirt, why don't you come back when you grow up?!?!? This is a fight for a real woman, not some runt like you!" Karen James wasn't the shy type and shot back with, "Look you overgrown blonde bitch, all you're good for is playing basketball or being a portable street light!!!"

Patience wasn't Joyce's strong suit and in a temper outburst she attacked Karen right on the spot and the brunette was caught completely off guard. The smaller brunette found herself spun around and then dragged down on the sofa, caught in a throat strangle while her arm was in a hammer lock. Karen was deceptively strong and compactly built with a lot of power, she couldn't break the grip, but was able to fight her way up to a standing position. It felt like Joyce would break her arm as this was one bitter blonde bitch. Karen stomped down on Joyce's instep and it left her howling in pain, while the brunette gave her long leg a knee twist for good measure.

Knowing that Joyce was hurt and on the defensive, Karen grabbed her scoop neck shirt along with some

savage hair pulling and twisted the bigger woman down into a half-bent position. The blonde tried to fight back, but Karen was hell bent to beat the shit out of this blonde and get the big money penthouse fight they were here for. Using her formidable strength, she lifted the blonde clear off the floor in a rib crushing hold that left Joyce bellowing in pain. Releasing her, the blonde began to crumble to the floor, but had to stop mid-way for Karen wanted to hear her scream a little more. Some painful hair pulling and choking was a sure way to encourage a victory as Joyce's crying out.

Karen shoved the battered blonde on her back and applied a death grip thigh hold across the blonde's soft,



tender breasts, squashing the small mounds of delicate flesh until she begged for mercy and gave up. We hope you do as well against your English opponent as you earned the match.



**IT FELT LIKE JOYCE
WOULD BREAK HER
ARM AS THIS WAS ONE
BITTER BLONDE BTICH.**



BEATEN BY A

LORI ARMBRUST vs ROSEMARY LORENZ

BLONDE



I really wanted revenge against this big busted Mexican for what she did in her last penthouse fight against my very best friend, Kara (see #3 *Catfights Galore*). We all expect a rough and tumble battle in our sport, but this mean Mexican had already beaten Kara and it was just damn cruel to kick her in the crotch after she'd given up. While we were being introduced to the penthouse members, this Latin bitch had the nerve to say to me in her thick accent, "Lori, I think maybe I kick your fat blonde ass just like Kara's!"

I was already steaming mad, but that crack by this taco titted bitch just set me off and made me completely lose my temper. I caught Rosemary with a solid left hook to her big mouth and drew first blood. I've got a pretty good punch and that single blow sent the Mexican staggering back into the wall. While she was still groggy I grabbed a handful of Rosemary's thick, brunette hair and was getting set to throw her back against the wall. The damn bitch caught my wrists with one hand and with the other tore at my long blonde locks. It felt like she was going to tear the hair right out of my head. Her move caught me off guard as well as off balance and the next thing I knew she threw me down on my knees.

I'll give that mean Mexican credit as she sure knows

how to fight and had me in real trouble. Grinding my teeth, it felt as if my back was going to be broken for Rosemary had me in a crippling double arm bar hold. I was screaming in pain when the bitch savagely shoved me forward and I fell flat on my face. I'd just managed to roll over and saw that Rosemary was getting ready to drop her big burrito butt down on me. Lori also knows a few tricks and before the Mexican could pin me, I caught her around the neck in a mini-scissors ankle hold that stopped the big busted





bra work overtime holding in those Mexican mammaries. I wrapped my arm around her neck and throat in a combination strangle neck twist that left her pleading for me to stop and it was music to my ears. How could I possibly resist standing triumphantly over this beaten, busty bitch and this was for you Kara!

bitch dead in her tracks. Pulling my leg back, I kicked Rosemary flush in the face, got up and while she was dazed, I really went to work on her.

I got her in a twin arm stretch that looked like it was enough to burst her over-stuffed bra. I knew that she was hurting and wanted to humiliate this bitch so that she'd never forget this lesson. I decided it was time for my killer reverse bear hug and lifted this meaty Mexican right off the floor. She roared out in anguish as her ribs were creaking from the tremendous pressure I was crushing her with. When I finally released her, she dropped like a bag of beans and collapsed on her hands and knees. Now it was just a matter of finishing this big cow off, but I wanted to hear her beg for mercy. I'm not exactly flat-chested as you can well see, but good grief, that bitch sure does make her



BATTLE FOR A BOYFRIEND



Normally I'm not prone to be jealous, but I definitely didn't appreciate seeing Karla Jensen posing for my boyfriend and making an obvious play for him . . . right in front of me! Personally I think she's just a flabby cow and flexing her pudgy arms along with those tree trunk thighs was just too much for me to take. To add insult to injury, she told Ken, "Now you can see what a real woman looks like and I'll have Lizetta Stone begging for mercy before our fight is over!" In a hissing tone I said, "Sure Ken, if you're into fat and flabby, that's just the swine to pig



out on!"

I made a terrible mistake in turning my back on Karla, for she jumped me from behind and I found myself in a brutal full nelson hold. She may be a touch on the plump side, but that's one strong bitch, but then I'm not exactly all pussy myself. With the help of some vicious hair pulling, I managed to break free and now it was my turn to show Ken who the "REAL" woman was.

Karla had a decided weight advantage over me, so I had to use my speed and skill, so I dragged the pig on her side in a temple squeezing headlock which took a lot of strength out of her. I had a hell of a time trying to control Karla, but was finally able to wrestle her over and then got firmly straddled on her soft, beefy belly. She fought me tooth and nail while I punched her in the ribs and she tore at my hair. For a moment I really was scared when my boobs sprang free of the halter top I'd been wearing, because if she ever grabbed them, oh my goodness!

Karla may be out of condition, but she's one rugged opponent, but then so am I. I was able to land a couple of jolting punches to her jaw and knocked the big bitch out. Even after I stood over her unconscious body, my scalp still hurt like hell from the hair pulling session we had, but Ken, my boyfriend, was well worth it and then some.

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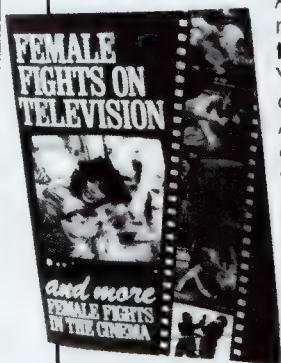
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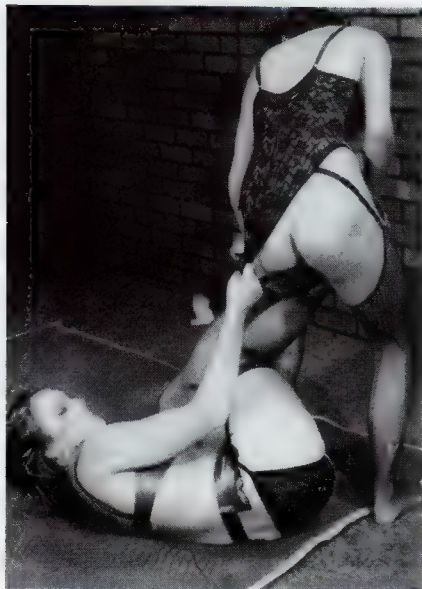
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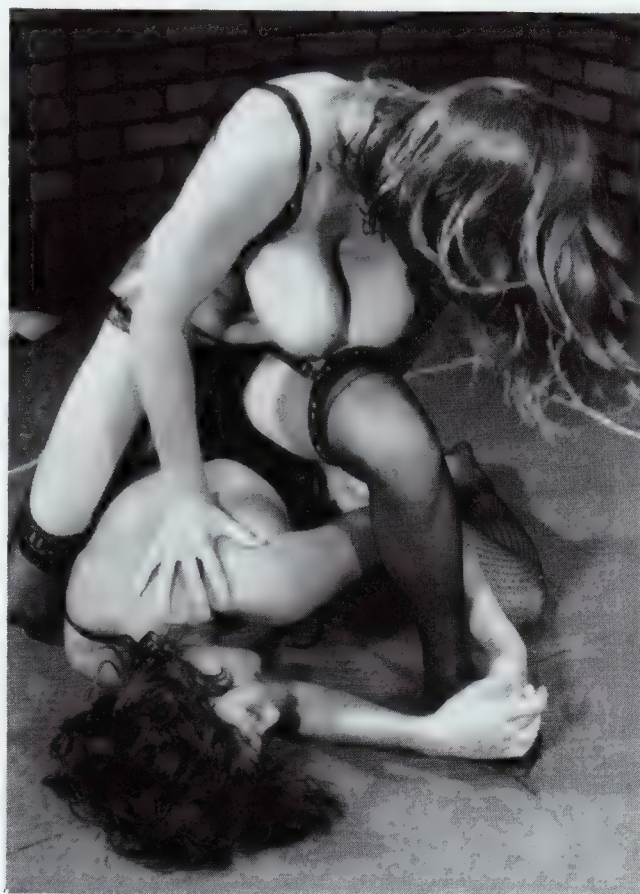
TIT FOR TAT

In our style of penthouse fighting, most matches are anything goes and no holds barred, so you expect to see fists, legs, elbows and even feet being utilized in a battle. But never before Annie Owens, have we ever seen anybody actually use their breasts as weapons and she can make them as deadly as Wyatt Earp drawing his six-shooter. Of course it's not often that one is likely to encounter an opponent with huge tits the size of Annie's mellow sized mammaries. They frequently become terribly vulnerable targets for her foes, yet just as often Annie will turn the tables and choke, smother or just bash you with those beefy bazooms.

Jolanda Ambersfoor refused to believe that Annie was so tough and foolishly challenged this titanic titted terror to a penthouse fight. Her first big mistake when their battle began was to enviously stare at those gorgeous globes, actually that was her second mistake, the first being her challenging Annie. Jolanda quickly found herself dumped on the floor with Annie twisting her strong shapely legs, while those big boobs swung out of her overworked bra like a pair of ripe grapefruits.

That was virtually the beginning of the end for Jolanda as she found herself spun over belly down, with her head painfully jerked back by the hair. Jolanda fought back fiercely, but Annie overwhelmed her and rolled the brunette over, then solidly pinned her arms and shoulders to the floor. Jolanda was semi-hypnotized by the sight of Annie's torpedo tits swaying directly over her face. Then she fell victim to one of Annie's favorite holds, the tit smother and she felt those twin mountains of flesh pressed down until they were actually suffocating her. Annie squeezed her brutal breasts even tighter against Jolanda's mouth and nose, until she was gasping for air.

In a desperate attempt to rally back, Jolanda opened her mouth and bit down into Annie's left tit, which had her bellowing in pain like a wounded cow. She fell back, but before Jolanda could completely free herself, Annie was





able to capture her in a rib cracking leg scissors around the waist. Flexing the powerful muscles of her robust thighs, Annie brought to bear a crushing power, while Jolanda feebly struggled.

Jolanda was panting and felt as if she'd pass out from lack of air, close to unconsciousness, when Annie finally released her. Jolanda felt her legs being stretched apart and then Annie knee smashed her in the ass and crotch. The smaller fighter was beaten and unable to even resist, when Annie decided to seek revenge for the mauling her breast had taken. Once again securely pinning her arms to the floor, Annie leaned over the spread-eagled body of Jolanda and using her heavy tits like battering rams, began swinging them to and fro. First one heavy mountain of meat smacked into Jolanda's face, knocking her head to the side. Then the other bazoom bashed her and Annie did indeed make a believer out of her battered, breast beaten foe.



I've never been terribly fond of Margie Alexander and my dislike of her only increased as she kept trying to tease me about blondes having more fun and that I should dye my hair. Then she began to ridicule my Italian heritage with what seemed like never ending jokes and with a name like Candy COSTELLO, I didn't especially appreciate them. I'd been on the verge of telling her to move out of our apartment and go find another roommate, when the final explosion came.

That blonde bitch told me that my sexy black garter belt made me look like a wop whore! I called her a skinny slut and suddenly we became two wildcats lustung to ravage one another. Margie got the jump on me and the bitch threw me down and before I could strike back, she was ripping at my hair and gouging me in the eyes. I was

momentarily blinded and easy prey for this savage slut, who managed to get on top of me in a pretty good pin. She was still busy trying to rip out my beautiful, long black hair by the roots and it had me screaming in pain.

I've got a Italian temper and went wild with rage, forgetting about how much I hurt and did some hair pulling of my own. Being a little heavier and stronger gave me a hell of an advantage as we wrestled on the carpet and then I straddled her. Now it was my turn to teach her who the boss really was, but in my fury I hadn't realized that my large nipples, firm, shapely breasts had popped out of their shelf bra. I sure didn't want them giving her a tit target swinging loose and free and although they may not be the biggest boobs, yet as you can see they're more than a handful. I couldn't take the chance of this bitch getting her





long nailed fingers on them.

Seeing as how this skinny slut likes hair pulling so much, I decided to do some more of it on my own. I bashed her head down on the floor a few times using the thick blonde mop as a handle and that seemed to take most of the fight out of her. She was groggy and pleading for me to stop, but I wanted to humiliate this bitch for all the insults and crap she'd given me.

I reversed my position and trapped her in a reverse straddle and then asked Margie if she'd like to kiss my sweet ass? You should of heard her scream and beg, "No!! —please not that!!!" It wasn't that cruel of me to lean all my weight backward on her flat chest so that my buns were just scant inches from her face.



SLUGGING STRIPPERS

HELEN O'CONNELL vs RANDY McKAY



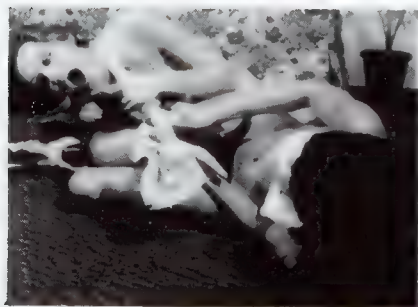
On the best of days, Helen O'Connell and Su Ling could barely maintain a state of peaceful, non-violent co-existence, but this afternoon certainly didn't prove to be one of their better days. I'd just stopped by their apartment to return a camera they'd let me borrow and was greeted with the two of them having a loud argument. I'm not even sure what their dispute was over, but upon opening the door I heard Helen shout, "I'll knock your back to China you slant eyed slut!" and with that this not so sweet Irish lass slammed Su Ling with a stinging open hand slap across the face. The Oriental girl was staggered, while Helen grabbed her long black hair and they went tumbling over on to the floor.

Helen started stripping off Su Ling's micro-mini dress, but this cruel China cupcake wasn't any stranger to a rough and tumble brawl. She quickly grabbed hold of Helen's baby doll robe and tore it to shreds, while also delivering a brutal kick into her stomach. The big Irish girl went sprawling over on her back with Su Ling right on top of her. White and yellow flesh clashed as the two vicious vixens tore at one another's clothing, rolling and wrestling across the living room.

Don't for a moment believe all those stores about Chinese girls being puny and skinny, some may be, but it's obvious that Su Ling was a strongly built, rugged bitch. It didn't take long before the two of them were left in nothing but bra and panties, while they savagely clawed, punched and kicked at one another. First Helen was able to gain an advantage, then Su Ling would knock her off and they sea-sawed back and forth like that for several minutes.

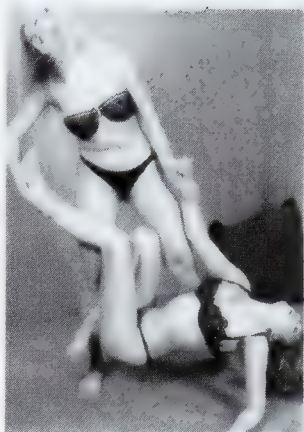
Finally Helen connected with an elbow smash to the jaw and Su Ling was stunned, while the Irish lass twisted her ruined robe around the China doll's neck. This Oriental certainly didn't have any yellow streak running down her back, but being trapped in a strangle hold, the fight was all but over. Helen forced Su Ling down on her belly and choked her until she was left gasping for air. Then applying even more leverage, she hauled her up into a sitting position, while Helen sat above her on the sofa.

I was just getting ready to try and separate the two of them when Su Ling passed out and Helen seductively stood up, holding the Oriental girl's hair as if it were a trophy. Didn't have many photos left on that roll of film in their camera, but Helen didn't seem to mind.



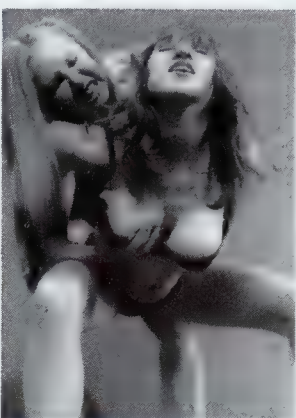
HANDICAP HANDFUL

ANNIE OWENS vs
KARLA JENSEN



Karla Jensen usually had the advantage in size and weight over her opponents in penthouse fighting. She was indeed a big, bad, beefy blonde and most of the time the crowd would cheer for her victory as she'd been their favorite. Karla had grown accustomed to holding the lime-light and didn't like the idea of having to share it with anyone! This beautiful blonde had never met Annie Owens, but in her climb up the ladder of top contenders in the penthouse scene, Karla knew she'd have to beat that overgrown, top heavy bitch.

Karla laughed at Annie's nickname of "Breast Beast" for she also packed a pretty healthy pair of boobs. How-



ever, after seeing Annie clad in just bra and panties, she realized it was almost like comparing oranges and melons. Karla felt punny in size compared to Annie's Amazon dimension, but she wasn't the least bit intimidated and had the determination to batter this bazoom busted brunette. "I'm going to get right to the heart of this bitch and prove that the so-called Breast Beast's melons aren't tough tits, but rather titanic tender targets!" Karla thought to herself.

Annie was too busy waving to the spectators, which allowed Karla to strike first and she strained lifting her rival's beefy body. After a few attempts of trying to spin Annie around in a dizzying circle, Karla simply dumped her on the floor. Annie landed on her hands and knees, which left the busty brunette at a severe disadvantage, which the blonde capitalized on. Sitting on Annie's kneeling figure, Karla grabbed her skimpy bikini and painfully jerked it up into the lush fullness of her ass. Pulling the fabric against the crack of those two plump cheeks had Annie howling in pain. The busty brunette tried to crawl out from between Karla's hearty thighs, but found herself knocked over into an awkward, nearly defenseless position. She was holding Annie down by the butt while working for a leg split, yet the Breast Beast using her awesome strength managed to struggle loose.

This time Annie wasn't looking at anybody but this brutal blonde, who once again was able to strike first.

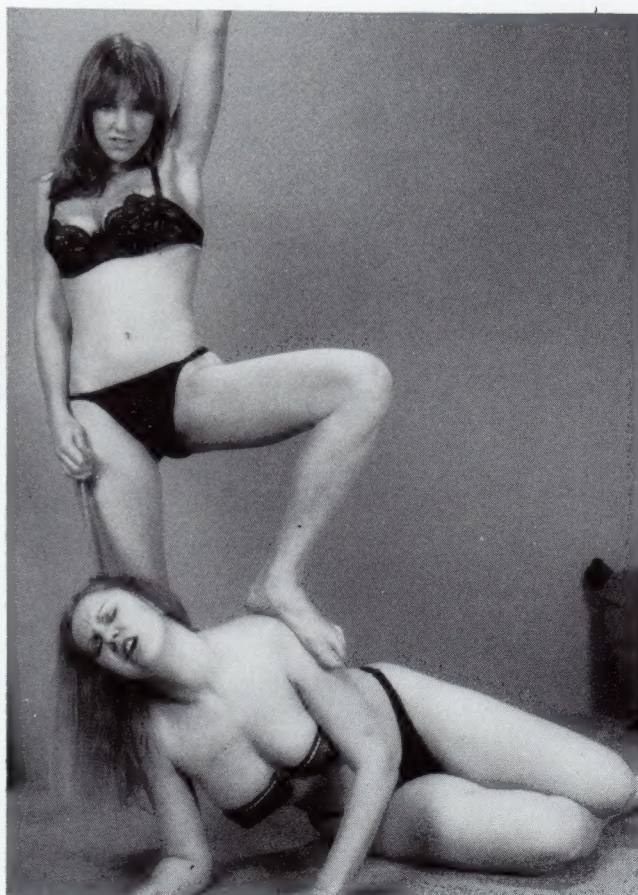




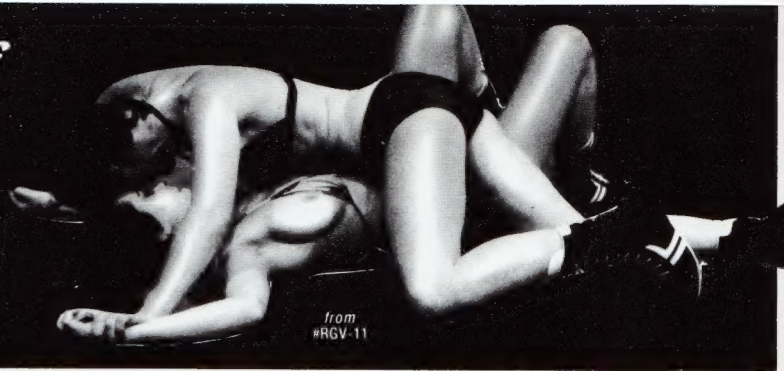


Karla's strong fingers went straight for Annie's mammary mountains like two missiles homing in on their target. Using a tit toss, Karla flipped her busty opponent down and then mounted her spread-eagled body. Viciously, she grabbed hold of Annie's big breasts, seizing one in each hand and then murderously mauled them with a grueling grip. The busty brunette screamed out in agony and although she obviously had a hefty handicap in a tit tiggling tussle, she reached up and brutally grasped Karla's unprotected boobs. It was Karla who shrieked out in anguish as Annie squeezed her breast with a death grip. The degree of agony felt had nothing to do with how massive the mammaries may be and the blonde couldn't endure her suffering and in sheer desperation, tried to roll off her rival. Annie went on the offensive and trapped the blonde with a paralyzing arm lock.

The busty brunette overpowered Karla, who found herself now a victim with her head caught in a variety of leg scissor holds. Annie's thunderous thighs were wrapped around Karla's head and it was like being trapped in a nut cracker. The big blonde was sobbing when Annie hauled her up and then rammed her knee into the small of Karla's back. She'd become another believer of just how tough Annie really was, left in utter defeat with the Breast Beast's foot planted on her shoulder and her arm raised in victory.



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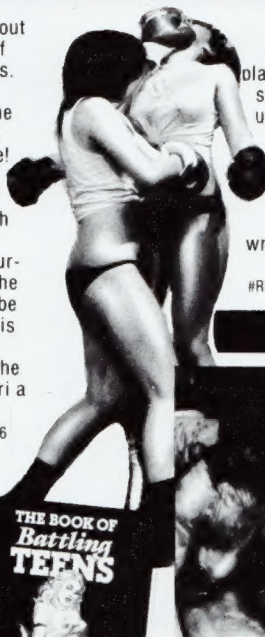
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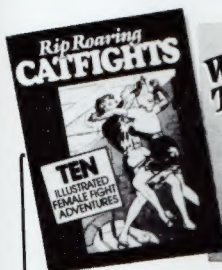
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